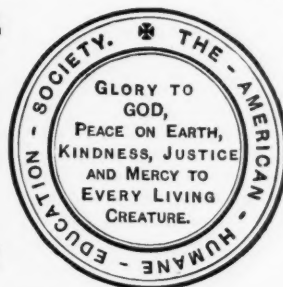


# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



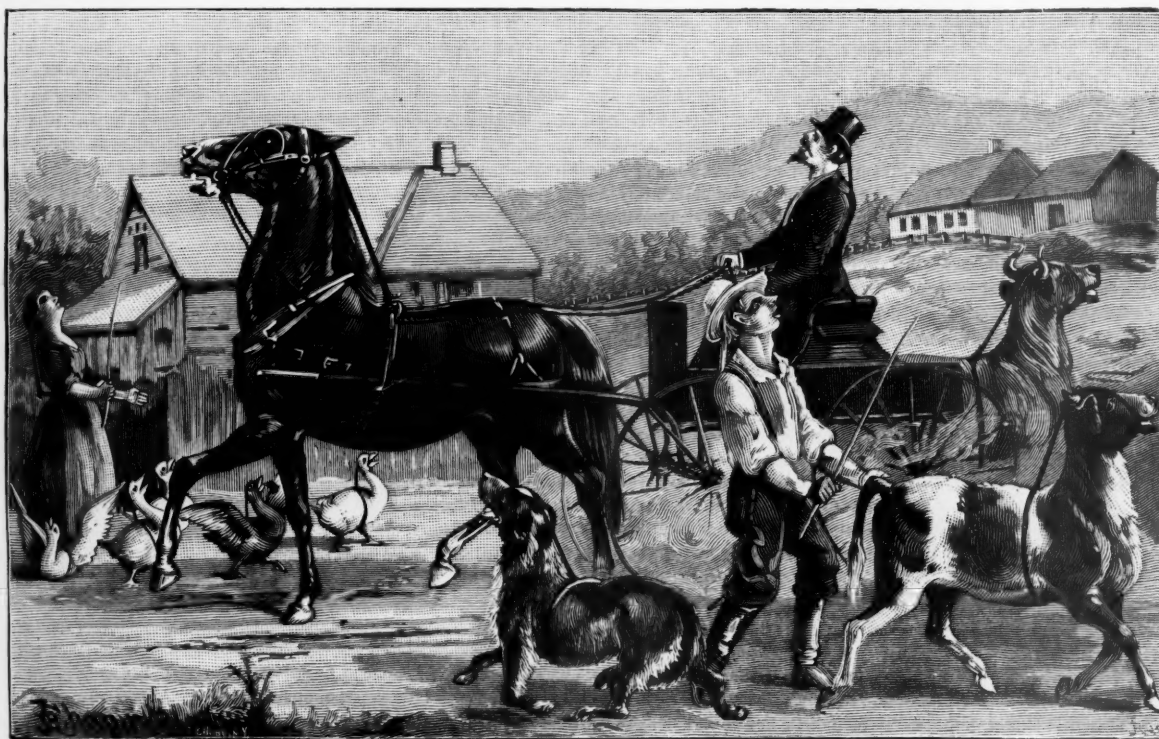
CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 28.

Boston, August, 1895.

No. 3.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHECK-REIN.

From "Facts for Horse Owners," published by "The Magnet Publishing Company," Battle Creek, Michigan.

## A BOSTON GIRL.

He was rescuing her from the waves, but it looked as though they would never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped; "Hold on tight." "Don't say 'hold on tight,'" gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic Ocean, "Say hold on tightly."

China and Japan buy our dried apples freely. The *Boston Transcript* remarks, "Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient."

## WHY WE SIGN OUR EDITORIALS.

A great many people think themselves competent to advise an editor.

Young men of little experience are quite apt to think that what they don't know isn't worth knowing.

Rosebery, having had good luck in the horse racing business, probably thought for a time

that he could run the British Government quite as well as either Salisbury or Gladstone, and the young German Emperor probably honestly thinks to-day that he knows more than his father, his grandfather, and Bismarck, all combined.

We are told that a young gentleman belonging to one of the fashionable clubs,

which it is our duty to watch, is troubled because we choose to sign our name so often to our editorials.

Our experience has been that the name of a writer often makes considerable difference in regard to the reading, quoting, and weight given to what he writes, and if the name of a writer in any department is [through his writings or

otherwise] widely known his articles are much more likely to be republished and commented upon than if written by one previously unheard of.

Through the wise or unwise management of this paper it has come about that there is hardly a newspaper office in America, from Mexico to the North Pole, where the names of "*Our Dumb Animals*" and its editor are not well known.

Sometime since we received from a prominent New York humane worker a request to publish in "*Our Dumb Animals*" what we wrote him should be more properly published in another paper. He replied, that so far as the chances of its ever being read by anybody were concerned he might as well send it to a paper in Hong Kong, China, as to the paper in question.

The editor of that paper, we understand, thinks it a mark of advanced age that we sign our editorials.

*We fully agree with him.*

Perhaps, when he is older and has written as many editorials as we have, and received, possibly, thousands of papers from different parts of our country in which they have been published or quoted—when abandoning his profession he has given to our cause thousands of dollars and a quarter of a century of hard work, from Maine to New Orleans, one way, and from Maine to Dakota, another—when he has, during sixty-one days, addressed the public schools of his own city—when he has printed in a single year more than a hundred and seventeen millions of pages of humane literature, and caused to be established all over our own country and elsewhere more than twenty-two thousand "*Bands of Mercy*"—when he has offered all the college students of America prizes for best essays on the Importance of Humane Education, supplied their college libraries with bound volumes of his publications, and some seventy thousand copies of humane information for general distribution—when he has offered to all the editors of America a prize of \$300 for a similar essay, and sent to all of them similar humane information—when he has caused nearly or quite two millions copies of "*Black Beauty*" to be distributed in our own and other lands in our own and other languages, and hundreds of thousands of copies of other humane prize stories to be distributed in every newspaper office in America and elsewhere—when, in process of time, his eyes shall be opened to the magnitude and grandeur of our work, then, perhaps, he may begin to realize, as he does not now, that his own editorials, if signed, may carry greater weight than if sent out as the opinions of a person unknown.

We are, of course, always glad [as every good editor ought to be] to listen to well meant advice, but we think the wonderful growth of our work, extending, as it does, not only over our own country, but considerably over the world, is pretty good evidence that the signing of our editorials has done us no harm, and so we will [until we get somewhat older] continue to sign them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### HIT IT.

Protect the defenceless.

Maintain the right.

And whenever in doing it you find a head that ought to be hit—whether it be high or low—hit it!

#### THAT CHIME OF BELLS.

Friends at the south end complain of a chime of bells recently put in one of the churches, which rings every fifteen minutes through the entire night.

If a hand-organ man should undertake such a little game he would probably in less than thirty minutes find himself in the lock-up.

We know of no reason why whoever controls that chime of bells should not be treated in precisely the same manner.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### LOTS OF HARMLESS FUN.

We have had occasion in past numbers of this paper to make a comparison between the merciful heart of Abraham Lincoln and our two last Presidents of the United States in regard to the matter of shooting, wounding and killing harmless birds for fun—and of suggesting that if they would act in accordance with the old couplet:

"If I were the President of these United States,  
I'd eat molasses candy and swing on the gates,"

or even spend their leisure time in throwing stones at [but not hitting] bull-frogs, they would be engaged in a much more harmless occupation.

It now occurs to us to add that both they and the spiritually-minded clergyman referred to in another article, can find in the good old [stand-up] game of croquet better sport than they ever found in shooting, wounding and killing.

We have in past years played many games with clergymen and others, and know of what we speak.

On a recent short trip to Maine we were invited to take part in a triangular game against two gentlemen of considerable experience, and succeeded in beating them in the first game, and reaching the goal in the second before they passed the half-way stake.

We regret to say that during the past ten years we have had too few opportunities of playing this delightful game, but if any young man who rides a bob-tailed horse which, in violation of the laws of Massachusetts, he has caused to be cruelly mutilated for life, thinks that, because we are now in our 73rd year, we shall soon be compelled to retire, we shall be happy to meet him on a good croquet ground and endeavor to convince him of his error.

And by the way we were called upon sometime since by one of these young sporting men who evidently thought he knew a great deal more about horses than we did, and had the pleasure of telling him [that while we never rode a horse or polo pony with its tail cut off] we did, when about his age, have a contract with a Boston stable keeper to ride every evening, at a mere nominal price, any horse that needed exercising, without regard to whether the horse had, or had not, ever been ridden before.

In conclusion we wish to most respectfully but earnestly suggest to all who have been hitherto in the habit of finding their amusement in shooting, wounding and killing harmless creatures, which have just as good right to live as we have, that they may possibly be made equally happy, and become more like our great War President whose memory will be ever cherished by the American people, by trying for awhile as their summer amusement the good old stand up game of croquet—a game which their sisters, wives and daughters can enjoy with them, and in the playing of which match games of

colleges, churches, or even Sunday schools can be made without serious objection.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### SPIRITUALLY MINDED.

A good lady tells us of a very spiritually minded clergyman whose summer vacation amusement is shooting birds at his stopping place at the sea shore.

We would suggest that to the picture of the dove in the illuminated window back of his pulpit should be added the picture of himself with shotgun at his shoulder just taking aim to shoot the dove.

*"Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice."*

#### ARMING OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

We cannot help profoundly regretting the efforts being made to turn some of our denominational Sunday-schools into military camps.

We would a thousand times prefer that they should, like "*The Salvation Army*," fight only with spiritual weapons or join the great army of our "*Bands of Mercy*," whose mottoes are "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature.*"

War is a terrible thing for both horses and men, and we can hardly believe that if Christ were now on earth he would direct his followers to arm their Sunday-schools and cause them to be drilled in U.S. army tactics. "*War is Hell*," said General Sherman, and he knew all about it.

We have no objection to their being organized as "*King's Sons*" just as thousands of girls are already as "*King's Daughters*," and wearing some suitable badge or uniform and marching in public or elsewhere to music under the banner of the cross.

We only object to their being drilled in the use of the weapons of earthly kings, for which the great King of kings has no use whatever.

Let their mottoes be "*Glory to God*," "*Peace on Earth*," "*Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature.*"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### ARMED CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

Why not?

If it is a good thing for Sunday Schools, why not for Christian Endeavorers?

Think of a million of Christian Endeavorers—white endeavorers and colored—armed with rifles, bayonets, swords, cannon and gatling guns—and a great Christian Endeavor Navy of ironclads, rams, and torpedoes.

What a power they could bring to convert the heathen to a knowledge of Christianity!

If it is a good thing for the Sunday Schools, why not for the Christian Endeavorers?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### BULL FIGHTS AT ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

We see by the papers that it is proposed to have a series of bull fights at Atlanta.

At the New Orleans Exposition the grounds and buildings were all prepared and the Mexican bulls and bull-fighters were on the grounds and about to begin, when it came to my knowledge.

I had no difficulty whatever in having the whole thing forbidden by the authorities, the bulls and fighters sent back to Mexico, and the grounds and buildings closed.

I do not believe that the authorities of Atlanta will permit their city to be disgraced by any such exhibition.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

[From "*The Virginia Echo*" of July 26th].

#### OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Twenty thousand copies of its July number have been sent to as many newspapers and magazines. Mr. Angell is now past 72 years of age with no signs of faltering, but rather his work richer for experience. These twenty thousand copies will bear good fruit. Those in the busy world of newspaperdom are each month reminded that at opportune times they too can assist in the great cause of mercy. "*Our Dumb Animals*" for Sunday reading is next to the Bible—its corner-stone is mercy. Get it and thoughtfully read it.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merci* Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge. The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

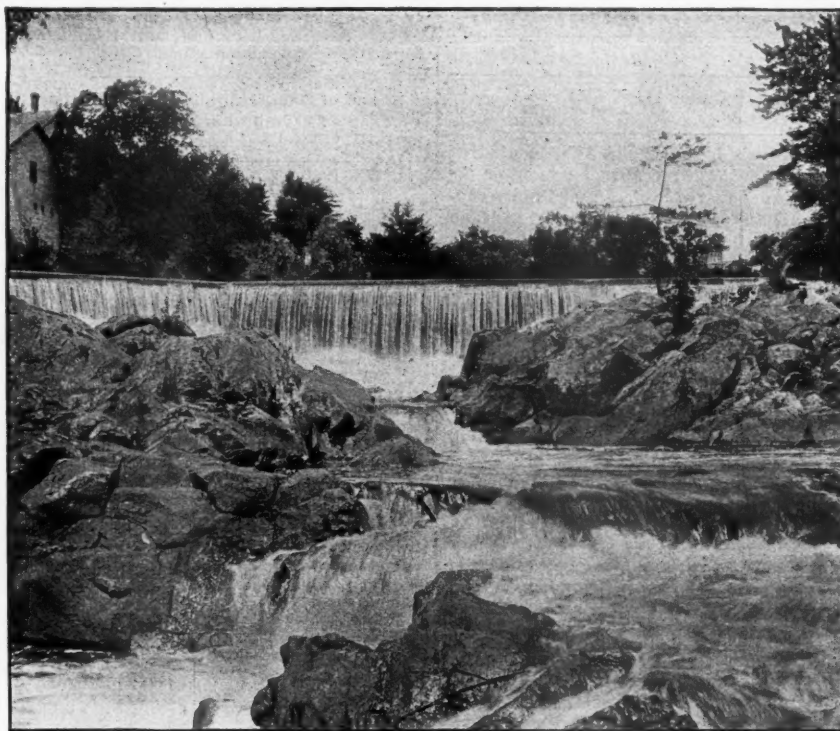
3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE MILL STREAM.

From the Engraver and Printer Co., No. 5 Park Square, Boston.

## IN OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

We very much doubt whether, in one Sunday-school in ten, one word is ever said from a year's beginning to its end about kindness to God's lower creatures.

Many years ago we journeyed, at our own personal expense, to a great National Religious Convention at Saratoga Springs, and asked permission to speak a few words for those who could not speak for themselves.

The committee to whom the petition was referred reported that they could not give us the time.

But then arose the greatest man in that great convention, and said: "Mr. Chairman, I do not think that we as a denomination can quite afford to give a cold shoulder to this great advance moral movement of the day. I move you, Sir, that the gentleman have the privilege of addressing this convention."

The vote passed unanimously. We addressed the convention, distributed thousands of our publications, and were promptly invited to speak in various pulpits.

Is not the time coming, before long, when all our Christian churches, and Sunday-schools, and Christian Endeavorers, and Epworth Leagues, shall say: "We do not think that we can quite afford to give a cold shoulder to this great advance moral movement of the day?"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,  
When by your laws, your actions and your  
speech  
You contradict the very things I teach."

LONGFELLOW.

## THE MASONS.

There is to be a great convention of the Knights Templars in Boston this month, which leads us to publish the following from the *Boston Transcript*:

### AMERICAN NOBLES.

When the non-Masonic reader reflects that his coat was made by Sir Thomas Y., his beef supplied by Sir John T., his stove purchased by Sir William R., and his butter of Sir James J., he is fairly bewildered with the array of American nobles who minister to his comfort and pleasure.

To which we add, that Sir Thomas Y., Sir John T., Sir William R., and Sir James J., we have no doubt have more of true nobility and humanity than the average found among the nobles of any foreign country.

## THE OLD AGE OF THE PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

We shall never forget a college oration we once heard on "*The Old Age of the Political Partisan*."

But sad as that picture was, it is no more sad than is the old age of too many Protestant clergymen, who, when the lawyer and doctor are most sought after and receiving their largest fees, are left without parish or money, and sometimes almost without friends.

It is an outrageous wrong, which no religious denomination should ever permit.

The old age of the old clergyman should be made as comfortable and happy as his life has been self-sacrificing and useful.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## CONCLUDED TO SING.

A former Maine minister, now settled in the west, tells a good story of his experience with a choir who had frequent quarrels. "One Sabbath they informed me that they would not sing a note until Brother ———, one of their number, left the choir. I gave out as the opening hymn:

'Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But children of the Heavenly King  
Will speak their joys abroad.'

They sang, and I was never again troubled."

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, August, 1895.*

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1632, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and forty-four new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twenty-two thousand four hundred and eighty-two.

## MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

## GENERAL GRANT.

Grant was a truth teller. As a boy he hated fibs, and learned to be exact in his statements. His father once sent him to buy a horse, authorizing him to offer \$50, and if that should be refused, \$60. He told the owner what his father said. Of course the owner expected \$60 for his horse, but the boy refused to give more than \$50, and obtained the horse.

He tenderly cherished the associations of home. His father and mother he never ceased to reverence and love. When President, he valued their regard and approval. As children came along he took them to his heart. His sons were his companions and his daughter the idol of the house. For the wife of his youth and manhood he cherished a pure, tender affection. When he was in Pompeii, the guide offered to admit him to a building without the ladies. "I am much obliged to you," he said, "but I never go where I cannot take my wife."

Such was America's citizen and soldier, who, on the banks of the Hudson, waits the hour when, with loving hands, this cherished wife shall be laid by his side.—DAVID SHERMAN, in *Zion's Herald*.

Cases investigated by our Boston Offices since last monthly report.

Whole number dealt with, 664; animals taken from work, 89; horses and other animals killed, 189.

## Report of Country Agents for Last Quarter.

Whole number dealt with, 759; animals taken from work, 133; killed, 133.

## SINCE THE BIRDS CAME.

Since the birds came we have had our Parks, Public Garden and Common thoroughly placarded with large cards offering prizes for their protection.

We were particularly desirous to call the attention of the *Christian Endeavorers*, who might lead to similar laws in other States.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

In the great and successful convention of over fifty thousand Christian Endeavorers held in Boston last month, there is only one thing which has given us profound sorrow, and that is in the reports of all the hundred or more great meetings, crowded with Christian workers from all parts of our country and some other countries, we have not been able to find a single word said in behalf of kindness to the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and "God's cattle on a thousand hills."

Well! We nevertheless do believe that the time will come when the influence of our over twenty-two thousand Bands of Mercy, with more than a million members, will be felt in all our Christian churches, and ministers will preach, and Sunday-school teachers will teach kindness to God's lower creatures.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

## OREGON.

We are glad to learn from our good friend Mr. W. T. Shanahan, Secretary of "The Oregon Humane Society," that the Society is about undertaking a large extension of its work [forming our Bands of Mercy], &c. throughout the State of Oregon.

## RHODE ISLAND

is a little State, but its Society P. C. A., judging from its last annual report, is a very lively one.

And by the way it has the good fortune to include in its membership one or two or more ladies, who are doing more to prevent cruelty to animals than half a dozen societies we might name.

We are in correspondence with several good women who are doing singly more—vastly more to prevent cruelty than lots of societies with long lists of officers, which simply pass resolutions, or occasionally prosecute some poor man, have him fined, and send him home to take revenge on his animals.

## WHAT THE GOLDEN RULE SAYS.

We are pleased to see in "The Golden Rule" of June 27th, organ of all the Societies of Christian Endeavor, the following:

"HUMANE HORSE BOOK. Compiled by Geo. T. Angell. Boston: American Humane Education Society. Pp. 56. Paper, 5 cents.

This is an admirable pamphlet, filled with ammunition for all lovers of animals who wish to protect them from the cruelty brought about by harshness, carelessness, and ignorance."

## OUR "HUMANE HORSE BOOK."

We are pleased to know that Dr. Flood, the very earnest and most highly respected President of the Elmira, N. Y., Humane Society, thinks what is said on horse shoes in our "Humane Horse Book" is the "best thing he has ever seen in any book or journal."

How in the world can you tell whether a woman's hat is on straight when the brim is as crooked as a snake fence?

## UNCONSCIOUS BARBARISM.

On a visit to the Adirondacks we saw and heard much to show the need of humane education.

A good Philadelphia mother told us how her son, sixteen years old, had been shooting loons and other small game for fun, and she had now sent him with the best guides into the woods that he might shoot a deer, and she trusted "that Divine Providence would protect him."

A guide's wife told us how a New England clergyman came up there a few years ago and shot so many deer for fun and left them to rot that the guides threatened to shoot him. A New York divine, while we were there, was found catching frogs to cut off their legs for bait, all for fun.

There is a vast deal of unconscious barbarism which it is our work, by the wide dissemination of humane literature at home and abroad, to endeavor to overcome. That is why we send "Our Dumb Animals" to the editors of nearly twenty thousand papers and magazines in this country, and the multitude of teachers, clergy and others, as shown below.

## OUR LARGELY INCREASED CIRCULATION.

It is a pleasure to know that in the past few months we have added to our large "Free List" more than seven thousand new paying subscribers for "Our Dumb Animals," nearly all business firms and men.

## TO WHOM DOES "Our Dumb Animals" GO EACH MONTH?

## In the State.

1. All members of our two Humane Societies.
2. About 7000 Boston business firms and men.
3. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic.
4. All Massachusetts lawyers.
5. All Massachusetts physicians.
6. All Massachusetts bank presidents and cashiers.
7. All Massachusetts postmasters.
8. All Massachusetts school superintendents.
9. Large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers throughout the State.
10. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.
11. "Bands of Mercy" throughout the State.
12. Many subscribers and others throughout the State.
13. The Boston police.
14. The Massachusetts legislature.
15. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters.
16. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications.
17. Many newspaper reporters.

## Outside the State.

18. All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world.
19. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries.
20. Thousands of our "Bands of Mercy" in our own and other countries.
21. Members of our National Congress.
22. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico.
23. Writers, speakers, teachers and many others in various States and Territories.
24. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

## FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

In our last paper we stated how everyone can be protected from flies and mosquitoes.

## FOR THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

The human mind is so constituted that it is impossible for all to think alike.  
Hence the numberless forms of religious and political belief.

Some years ago we offered, in behalf of our *American Humane Education Society*, a high prize for the best essay against vivisection, and an equal prize for the best essay in its favor. Then we bound the two together and sent them to thousands of physicians and very widely over the country and the world.

We also offered prizes to all the college and university students of the country and all American editors for the best essays on the importance of humane education for the prevention of crime, and furnished them all with humane information to aid their writing, and sent out their prize essays widely.

Later we offered high prizes for the best humane stories, and have sent out, and caused to be sent out, probably not less than a hundred thousand copies of these to aid the nearly two millions copies of "*Black Beauty*" we have sent and caused to be sent out in helping to promote in the words of the mottoes of our *American Humane Education Society*, "*Glory to God,*" "*Peace on Earth,*" "*Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature.*"

More recently we have offered large prizes for the best methods of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and the best methods of relieving and preventing poverty, and we have been sending large numbers of these essays to the American press and elsewhere.

And now the thought comes to us, would it not pay for some of our great newspapers, which have plenty of money, to offer similar prizes for the best thought on the most important subjects now before the American people; and having just read fourteen most interesting chapters from the New Testament, including "*The Sermon on the Mount*," another thought comes to us, namely, whether it would not pay some of our Sunday newspapers of largest circulation to add each Sunday to their columns, a few chapters [set in large type] of this wonderful story on which every Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant, the world over is founded, and upon which millions in all Christian lands hang their hopes of immortality?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## PLAIN LANGUAGE FOR THE CLERGY.

The Rev. Alfred A. Wright, D.D., in his quarterly Journal for Clergymen, says:

"Mr. Angell, in a recent issue of his excellent paper '*Our Dumb Animals*,' relates an experience he had in a country church as follows:

"In the prayer the clergyman asked the Lord to enable us to do our duties not in a *perfunctory* manner.

In the sermon he spoke of *ethics and economics, encyclopaedic man, speculative orthodoxy, psychology, isosceles triangle, unifying force from the great Universal Self, elaborate scheme of social organization, Antinous and Apollo, complex realism, sociological expansion, and the old skeleton of a defunct philosophy,* etc., etc.

What can be done to help such a preacher? Show him this list? But he is only one of thousands. What about the ill-culture of the theological schools that leaves preachers of righteousness by scores and by hundreds to become a prey to such verbal diletanteism, and to pulpits failure? Must we organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Congregations? We fear it will require more than an Angel to put a stop to the crazy preacher who has conveniently at hand the arsenal of the Britannica! Suppose the preacher should hurl at the angel an *isosceles triangle* or a *junk of complex realism*? What then?"

## BIG WORDS.

There used to be a clergyman in the old town of Newbury, Mass., somewhere back in the last century, who was famous for his big words. On one occasion he was invited to preach at Harvard College. In those days they used to have two sermons a day.



TOO BAD.

The students listened to him in the morning, took in all the hard words and quotations, and put their heads together. In the afternoon they appeared in the chapel, each with the largest dictionary he could command, and when the preacher used the first word out of the common course there was such a rustling of leaves that the reverend gentleman looked up in alarm. He was bright as well as erudite, however, and seeing the point translated his words as he went along.

## VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo predicted that warfare would cease in the twentieth century. When that time shall arrive, we can say with Longfellow:

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,

But, beautiful as songs of the immortals  
The holy melodies of love arise."

That is one of the grand objects of our "*American Humane Education Society*," with its over twenty-two thousand Bands of Mercy, on whose banners are inscribed: "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature.*"

## WE WISH YOU COULD SHARE OUR PLEASURE.

We wish our readers could all share our pleasure in receiving from over our own country and elsewhere hundreds of press notices and letters in praise of our paper and the work of our two Humane Societies.

If we had the spare space we would be glad to give a page of them in every issue.

## PREMATURE BURIALS.

The Rev. C. J. Harris, of Londonderry, Vermont, writes us of several cases in which persons came near being buried alive. In our last paper we stated how this danger may be avoided.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

If a person falls in a fit let him remain on the ground, provided his face be pale; for should it be fainting or temporary suspension of the heart's action you may cause death by raising him upright. Do not bleed him, as that would be fatal. But if the face be red or dark colored, raise him on his seat, throw cold water on his head immediately, and send for a surgeon and get a vein opened, or fatal pressure on the brain may ensue.

## TO HUMANELY KILL KITTENS.

It is a melancholy fact that many kittens born into this world must, in the interests of humanity, be killed, and the question is how it can be done most humanely. It is said by persons who have narrowly escaped drowning that their sensations were not painful. I am inclined to think that putting kittens in an ordinary flower pot, and then plunging it upside down in a pail or tub of water, is about as humane a method as can be found. The air escapes through the hole in the bottom (or rather the top) of the flower-pot, and it instantly fills with water.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE BEST PLAN OF SETTLING THE DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Send for these prize essays published by "*Our American Humane Education Society*," and receive a copy without charge.

## VIVISECTION.

From an article on the above subject in "*The Boston Herald*" of July 8th, signed by Mr. P. D. Richards, of West Medford, we find the following:—

"As some may ask, Why does not the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stop this? I will say that Mr. Angell, its president, has for more than 25 years called attention to it before hundreds of audiences and in many papers. '*The American Humane Education Society*,' has paid \$500 in prizes for essays on the subject. It has offered a prize of \$100 for the best practical plan of preventing unnecessary vivisection, and '*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*' has obtained the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in schools, and it now has a standing offer of \$100 for evidence to enable it to convict any man in medical schools or elsewhere of a violation of this law, by the infliction of cruelty in performing vivisection on any animal."

To the above we add: First, that our above-named Societies are the only ones in the world [so far as we know] that have offered any such prizes, obtained any such law in relation to vivisection in schools, or made any such attempt to enforce any such law.

And second, that to judge from many letters received at our offices on this as well as other subjects, some good friends think we have the power of omnipotence to stop by a word and forever prevent not only all the cruelties of vivisection but all cruelties of every kind throughout the entire world.

We certainly wish we had.

And we have certainly through our over 22,000 "*Bands of Mercy*"—our millions of copies of humane publications distributed over our whole country and to some extent the world—our numerous prizes offered and a multitude of plans successfully carried out—through all these we have certainly been permitted to accomplish a great work.

But we have not the power of omnipotence.

In this matter of cruelty in vivisection, for instance, and the cruel teachings of dissection in the schools, we believe no society in the world has been more active, gone farther, or accomplished more than our two Societies have through addresses and writings, as before stated, during more than a quarter of a century—through the about 20,000 newspapers and magazines to which "*Our Dumb Animals*" is regularly sent—through the distribution of a great many thousands of valuable publications on the subject—through petitions to our medical societies and requests sent to many thousands of physicians for their opinions, and in many other ways, some of which have appeared from time to time in this paper, and others of which are only known to a comparatively few of our friends.

And we have new plans continually coming up requiring the most careful and judicious action.

As far as law is concerned we think there is at present no better in the world than the one we have obtained against vivisection and dissections in our Massachusetts schools, and our law which declares that: "*Whoever tortures or torments any animal, or causes or procures any such animal to be so tortured or tormented, shall be punished by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment.*"

If these laws cannot be enforced, no other can be until public opinion is more widely aroused.

And we are not only making great efforts to awaken public opinion, but are also constantly

doing what we believe [as before stated] no other society in the world has thus far done, in offering prizes for evidence which may enable us to obtain convictions in our courts, and in other ways which we are not prepared to state.

But we have not the power of omnipotence.

In the past year, ending March 1st, 1895, our "*American Humane Education Society*," and "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," have cheerfully expended \$9,523.30 more than their receipts rather than cut down their work.

To our numerous correspondents then who are kindly disposed to give us credit for the possession of superhuman powers, we would say:

Do not think because we have done many things that we can do everything—bring to our treasury if you can some part of the millions of dollars that are now being squandered by rich men on some of our colleges—which it is to be feared are educating too many of their graduates to curse the world—thank God that He has enabled us to do so much, and pray to Him that He will give us strength and means to accomplish more.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## VIVISECTION.

In "*The Boston Daily Evening Transcript*" of July 13th appears a column and a half article, written by suggestion of Doctors Bowditch, Councilman, Whitney, Minot and Ernst, of "The Harvard Medical School," by Dr. Wm. Townsend Porter, assistant professor of that school.

These gentlemen are all, we believe, men of high standing in their profession.

They very properly say that it is the duty of medical men to state the whole truth.

Experiments on animals they divide into three classes. I

First. Where the animal suffers no pain—which class they say includes nearly all vivisections in physiology.

Second. Where the animal suffers no pain in the operation, but is permitted to live. In this class the pain, they say, is small.

Third. Where no narcotic is given; and here we quote:—

"Many operations require no anæsthetic because they inflict little or no pain. An example is the injection of diphtheria toxine into horses in order that the serum of their blood may be used to destroy the diphtheria bacillus in the tissues of the sick. Other operations of this class do cause pain. Painful vivisections, when made at all, are made for the sake of determining functions that are temporarily suspended by narcotics. Here truth is gained at the expense of suffering because there is no other way. Such investigations are rare. None such have been made in the Harvard Medical School within our knowledge. We cannot believe that such inquiries are ever undertaken in any university without the most careful consideration of their probable value, and the conviction that the benefit to humanity will far outweigh whatever suffering they may cause to the animals employed."

The article closes as follows:—

"Cruelty is the intentional infliction of unnecessary pain. By far the greater number of vivisections cause no real suffering, because the animals employed are made insensible to pain. The occasional vivisections in which narcotics are not used, because they temporarily suspend the functions to be studied, are not cruel. The pain they inflict is necessary to the better knowledge of the functions of the body, and necessary, therefore, to the better preservation of the lives of men and of domestic animals. Countless multitudes of animals are slaughtered daily, without narcotics, to furnish food. This is not thought cruel. Other animals are mercilessly hunted down because their furs keep off the cold. Even this is not thought cruel. Yet the professional scientist, highly educated, carefully trained, laboring with small material reward for the advancement of learning and the public good, is held up to public condemnation because, in the pursuit of those truths which underlie the successful fight against disease, he finds it necessary to study the functions of unconscious animals, and very, very rarely, to perform operations in which suffering cannot wholly be avoided."

The statutes of the Commonwealth prescribe the penalties to be inflicted on those found guilty of cruelty to animals, and on those who seek to disturb their fellow citizens in the pursuit of their lawful occupations. The physiologist and the pathologist take their stand within the common law, ready at any time to submit to the impartial verdict of competent judges the methods by which they endeavor to teach and to advance the science and the art of medicine."

It is no more than simple justice to these gentlemen to republish in our paper these statements, and it is certainly a great happiness to read that no painful vivisections have been made in the Harvard Medical School.

We have been led to believe that many unnecessary and cruel experiments on animals have been inflicted somewhere, and so we have done what we believe no other society in the world [antivivisection or other] has done, in paying several hundreds of dollars for prize essays on the subject, and offering in this paper prizes for evidence which may enable us to convict.

Of course we have no jurisdiction outside the State of Massachusetts, but if we get evidence that any man in this State is cruelly torturing or tormenting any animal, then it is our clear duty to endeavor to the utmost of our ability to secure his conviction and punishment.

We are sorry that the gentlemen above named did not go a little farther and state [what we believe to be the fact] that they entirely disapprove the dissecting of animals in High, Normal, Grammar and Sunday schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## VIVISECTION—A SWORN STATEMENT.

In the *Evening Transcript* of July 20th, Mr. Philip J. Peabody and Dr. Geo. Baudry, M.D., in reply to the above article, make a sworn statement of the manner in which vivisections are carried on in Paris, which is too horrible to be published in this paper.

If any such horrors as they swear to are practiced in any part of this country, for God's sake turn on the light.

We have offered a prize of \$100 for evidence which will enable us in Massachusetts to convict of torturing any animal by vivisection. Let all other societies do the same.

We shall prosecute every such case in Massachusetts where we can obtain evidence on which our courts will grant a warrant.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WHAT THE DOCTOR DID.

"You'd better ask the doctor for his bill next time he comes," said a poor, sick minister to his wife. "I don't know when we can pay it, I'm sure. He's made a good many visits, but I hope he won't have to come many times more."

The old doctor was a grim looking person, who said as little as possible, and spoke in the gruffest of tones; but he had kept his eyes, and was not half as unfeeling as he appeared.

At his next visit the minister's wife followed him out of the sick room and timidly preferred her request.

"Your bill?" said the doctor, glancing round the kitchen, then down at his boots.

"Yes, sir," said the woman. "Mr. Ames wanted me to ask you for it, though we can't pay it just now. We'll pay it as soon as——"

"Well, here it is," said the doctor. And he took out his pocket-book and handed the astonished woman a ten-dollar greenback, and was out-of-doors before she could say thank you.

## CARDINAL MANNING.

"Wherever our race has been profoundly penetrated with a belief in God,—and there is no race, and no part of the world where this belief is more earnest than in Oriental countries,—there do we find dumb animals treated with the most marked care and consideration."

CARDINAL MANNING, August, 1885.

He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

## SILVER.

We do not claim to be anything of a politician, or to know much more about the more complicated questions of finance than the cobbler whom the old Dutch Governor of New York, Peter Stuyvesant, once found haranguing his fellow citizens, and told that if he ever caught him again in that business he would flay him alive and tan his hide for drumheads, that he might thereafter make noise to some purpose.

But if these attempts to make silver as good as gold are to result in paying all wages, debts, salaries, saving bank deposits, &c., &c., in a currency worth only about fifty cents on a dollar, then it seems to us that a great many poor people and people in moderate circumstances will be likely to suffer.

Everybody who has anything to sell will of course double his prices.

The farmer will of course get nominally twice as much for his wheat and pay twice as much for everything he has to buy.

Butter will be sixty cents a pound instead of thirty; railroad fares and hotel bills twice as much as they now are and other things in proportion, and unless all wages and salaries throughout the entire country are also doubled, which will be a difficult thing to accomplish, people who depend on wages and salaries will, it seems to us, find a currency which requires two dollars to buy what is now bought for one—a mighty poor thing.

Doubtless we might make hard coal, horse shoes or fish-hooks a legal currency, but foreign nations would not care to take it, and we should find it somewhat difficult to carry about us daily a sufficient quantity to pay our daily bills.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR COLLEGES.

We see in our daily papers of July 3rd that the graduating class of Dartmouth College stole and took with them the hands of the College clock, divided into 68 pieces.

We wonder whether it was about fifty of these same young men who sometime since blew horns under some of their professors' windows a good share of the night.

All right.

Keep pouring the money into our colleges, teach the boys science, how to cut up cats and dogs, &c., &c.

Don't bother about heart education.

That is of no consequence to educated men, nor to the public, out of whom they are going to get their living.

And by the way, what a fine set this graduating class of 68 young men would be to go out from this Christian College "into all the world and preach the gospel to the heathen!"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## KILLING BUTTERFLIES.

Stopping at the seashore we saw a number of interesting little children gathering butterflies, grasshoppers and other varieties of insects, and fastening them with pins to the side of the hotel, where the poor creatures were writhing and struggling to escape. It was not the fault of the children. They were very young and knew no better. They did not once dream of the suffering endured by these insects, and on being told of it all assented to their being at once killed, and cheerfully stopped further pursuit of them. But it was your fault, fathers and mothers of those children, and one for which God holds you accountable. If you neglect your duties to your children in that period of life when the moulding of their characters is in your hands, and they grow up more and more merciless, until in your old age you reap the harvest you have sown, you have no one to blame but yourselves.

We have been told of several instances in which Sunday-school children have caught butterflies and pinned them onto their dresses. "Bands of Mercy" in our Sunday schools would stop this cruelty.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## VIVISECTION, \$100.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I do hereby offer \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President.

## \$25.

I hereby offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" \$25 for evidence by which the Society shall convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President.

## \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict a member of either the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of the laws of Massachusetts by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## \$400.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

## \$50 PRIZE.

We offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing a horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## CHRISTIAN BARBARISM.

The offering of prizes at agricultural fairs for the yokes of oxen drawing the heaviest loads, with the accompanying whipping, yelling and strain on the unfortunate animals, is almost as barbarous as the Spanish and Mexican bull-fights and ought to be denounced by every humane man whether he claims to be a Christian or not.

Landlady (of fashionable boarding-house to applicant): "Have you children, madam?" Applicant: "No; I had a little boy but he died last summer." Landlady: "How fortunate, for we never take children."—Life.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A countryman and his bride applied at the box-office for tickets. "Orchestra-chair, parquette, or family circle?" asked the ticket-seller. "Which'll it be, Maria?" asked the groom. "Well," she replied, with a blush, "as we're married now, p'rhaps it would be proper to sit in the family circle."

Nashville American.



A YACHT RACE BUT NO BETS.

## FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for protection of birds.
- (2) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

## OUR HUMANE HORSE BOOK.

We have an immense demand for our new "Humane Horse Book," which we send everywhere for five cents, which is much less than its cost.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country.—Boston Courier.

Horse owners and drivers should have copies of "The Humane Horse Book." Man as well as beast will be benefitted by it.—Fall River Herald.

## OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents; cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at Shane's," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Four Months in New Hampshire," paper covers, 6 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail, 10 cents. Each of these four, cloth bound, 20 cents, or sent by mail, 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance. Also "Beautiful Joe," at publishers' prices, 60 cents, or sent by mail 72 cents. They have no cheap edition. "The Humane Horse Book" we sell far below cost, at 5 cents per copy.

Our last edition of "The Strike at Shane's" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "Hollyhurst" was 20,000.

Look at the faces of all the people you see riding on or behind docktailed, mutilated horses, and see how many kind, noble, generous, merciful faces you can find among them, and on the other hand how many cold, hard, dissipated, unhappy and merciless ones!

## SOCIETIES FOR THE PROTECTION OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

Some of our readers know that from 1877 to 1881 we did a vast deal of work and spent a good deal of money in endeavoring to protect public health, obtaining a congressional report (including about a hundred pages of manuscript evidence we had gathered), of most of which we sent about a hundred thousand copies over our country and the world. The following are two of the letters confirming the facts we then stated and which still exist to a considerable extent:

CHICAGO, Oct. 21, 1879.

GEO. T. ANGELL, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—Nothing is more clear to my mind than the immediate and pressing need, not only of national and state legislation, but also of protective health associations, to prevent the enormous sales in our markets of goods and other articles dangerous to public health. While I fully appreciate the necessity of additional laws, I must add that it is, in my judgment, absolutely impossible for public officers in this country to contend successfully with great financial interests unless sustained by active organizations of good and patriotic citizens.

OSCAR C. DE WOLF.  
Commissioner of Health of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 15, 1879.

GEO. T. ANGELL, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—From personal knowledge I can say that there is an enormous amount of dangerously adulterated foods and drinks and other poisonous and dangerous articles now sold in our markets; and I think this subject should receive the immediate attention of both the general government and state legislatures, and that boards of health and good citizens should at once take effective measures to stop this great and growing evil.

C. GILBERT WHEELER,  
Professor of Chemistry in the University of Chicago,  
and President of Chicago College of Pharmacy.

Notwithstanding all that has been done since the above letters were written there is probably no civilized country in the world where from want of arbitrary power in the government to properly deal with them, injurious and poisonous adulterations prevail as in ours, and none where societies for the protection of public health are so much needed.

## "TAINT A DOG."

"Miss, you can't bring dogs into the car," said a Third Avenue conductor to a young woman, who tenderly held a wriggling little object wrapped up in a shawl.

"Taint a dog," snapped the young woman, and the discomfited conductor retreated to the rear platform amid a general titter. He studied the case for a few minutes, and then, returning to the young woman, said: "Miss, you can't bring cats in neither."

"Taint a cat," said the young woman; "its a rabbit," and the long ears emerged in confirmation of her assertion. At this the conductor looked puzzled for a moment, and then said: "Well, that's accordin' to the rules of the company; dogs is dogs and cats is dogs; but rabbits is insects; so you can stay."

N. Y. Star.

An impatient New York gentleman, going to the White Mountains, was seated by the side of the driver. The stage on which he was had just come up behind a rival coach loaded with passengers.

New York man—"I say, driver, I will give \$1 if you will pass that coach."

Driver (sleepily)—"I will do it." Then addressing the next driver, he says: "Oh, I say, Bill!"

Bill—"Wall?"

First driver—"There is a man here who says he will give me \$1 if I can pass ye and get ahead of yer coach. Ef ye will haul out and lemme pass I'll give ye half."

Bill instantly hauled out, and in a moment the rear coach had about sixty feet advantage of the road.

The New York man paid the dollar.

## SLEEPING-CARS FOR WOMEN.

Very few ladies like to travel in sleeping-cars. There is such an utter lack of privacy and of the ordinary accommodations for the toilet that ladies require in the sleeping-cars that they prefer to travel in the daytime. Fame and fortune lie in the path of the railroad management that will build sleepers that will give to ladies the privacy and comforts in traveling they desire and deserve.

"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lock jaw were reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinarian that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinarian stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

## THE HORSE FLY.

The horse-fly is the most cruel and blood-thirsty of the entire family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. He makes his appearance in June. The female is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings.—Colman's Rural World.

## DOCKING.

"The operation is needless, painful and cruel, causing the animal much suffering, and depriving it of its only means of defence against flies and insects. In my opinion no language too strong can be employed condemning this cruel operation."—Dr. Samuel K. Johnson, Chief Surgeon New York Veterinary Hospital.

## BELLS OF THE ANGELS.

Bells of the past whose unforgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse,  
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present  
With color of romance,

I hear you call and see the sun descending  
On rocks, and waves, and sand,  
As down the coast the mission voices blending  
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation  
No blight nor mildew falls;  
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor lost ambition  
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of long waves, receding,  
I touch the farthest past—  
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,  
The sunset dream and fast!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,  
The white presidio,  
The swart commander in his leather jerkin,  
The priest in robe of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting  
Above the setting sun,  
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,  
The frightened galleon.

Oh, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses  
Recall the faith of old—  
Oh, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music  
The spiritual fold.

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness—  
Break, falter and are still,  
And veiled, and mystic, like the host descending,  
The sun sinks from the hill.

BRET HARTE.

Last Christmas eve Mr. J—went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place with a slip of paper attached, containing this suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

## HE WASN'T ASHAMED.

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening, and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head, and was about to say grace, when a waiter flew up, singing, "I have beef-steak, codfish balls, and bull-heads." Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and touching his father's arm, exclaimed, in a low, nervous tone:—

"Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!"

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and his son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist pushed back his fish ball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been President of the United States.

## AND THE MEN SAT STILL.

An incident occurred on an afternoon train on the Consolidated Road that ought to have found its way into print before this. It has numerous lessons. Among the passengers were three sweet and quiet Sisters of Charity in their characteristic dress. A drunken man, very drunk and annoying, entered the car and sat down beside one of them. He talked persistently, drank from a big bottle that he carried, and finally stuck his disagreeable face repeatedly into the long bonnet of a Sister in a most insulting way. She was evidently much frightened. The conductor had already been told of the man's conduct, but did nothing. The other passengers, in true passenger fashion, sat and looked on. No man stirred.

Finally a woman, white as a sheet and full of suppressed indignation, got up from her seat and went to the rescue. She grabbed the fellow's bottle, wrested it from his hands and flung it out of the window, and then took hold of him, and after a lively and unassisted struggle got him out of the seat. "I'm no Roman Catholic," she said, excitedly to the spectators, "but I will not sit still and see a Sister of Charity insulted."—Chicago Times.

## FISH.

Agassiz always taught his pupils to kill fish as soon as caught, by a blow on the back of the head, that they might not suffer before dying. Such fish keep better, and are better to eat; and the best fishermen in Europe and America always kill their fish as soon as they catch them, by a blow on the back of the head. Humane persons may kill fish worms instantly by plunging them in a dish of boiling water, and so giving the fish cooked worms instead of raw.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Toads are so useful in gardens that they are sold in France by the dozen for the purpose of stocking gardens to free them from many injurious insects. The toad lives almost entirely on winged insects, and never does harm to plants.

## THE DOG'S COMPASS.

A friend writes us an interesting account of a dog brought from Plymouth, Mass., to Cambridge, Mass., some forty miles. He was kept tied up two days, then untied and started for his old home in Plymouth, where he arrived safely. This is one of thousands of similar cases, in some of which the dog has travelled hundreds of miles.

We remember one in which the dog travelled up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to a North Western State.

What sort of a compass dogs carry has never yet been ascertained.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk. Throwing stones at her, frightening her, even talking unkindly to her, may poison the milk.

A policeman called at one of our glove stores and said to the lady clerk, "I want a pair of kid gloves, Miss." "What is your number, sir?" "Four hundred and twenty-nine, Miss," was the reply.

## OVER THE ALPS LIES ITALY.

"Over the Alps lies Italy!"

Thus spake the warrior in days of old,  
Checked by those mountains whose hoary heads  
Of the centuries' wars with the elements told.

Little he recked of the danger or fear  
That hidden in glacier or pass might be;  
Boldly his voice rang out, and clear —  
"Over the Alps lies Italy!"

Deep is the meaning those few words hold,  
Deeper than careless eyes may see,  
Cheering us onward, whate'er betide —  
"Over the Alps lies Italy!"

Youth reads the words and bright eyes flash,  
Thinking of all the future brings;  
All heart can wish for of honor and fame,  
Of love and joy and earth's beautiful things.

Oh, the world is fair and life is sweet,  
And deep in youth's heart is a wordless glee;  
But his spirit leaps forward, the future to greet —  
"Over the Alps lies Italy!"

Manhood comes on as years depart;  
Heavier cares now oppress the soul,  
The work of the world must be done each day,  
And all too swiftly the seasons roll.

Poet and painter, merchant and priest,  
Nobles and men of low degree,  
They strive and they struggle, from greatest to  
least —

For "Over the Alps lies Italy."

God grant for us all, when the time shall come  
That our weak hands drop the burdens they bear,  
When the words we have spoken, the deeds we have  
done,

Are remembered only as things of yore;

That when we shall enter that new, strange sphere  
Where no thought of time or of change shall be,  
We may find all we labored and longed for here —  
Over death's Alps our Italy.

ELEANOR JENKINS.

## A GAME OF TAG.

A grasshopper once had a game of tag  
With some crickets that lived near by,  
When he stubbed his toe and over he went,  
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaped up against a fence  
And laughed till their sides were sore,  
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at me,  
And I shan't play any more."

So off he went, tho' he wanted to stay,  
For he was not hurt by his fall,  
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,  
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,  
Swinging from a tree by his toes,  
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is;  
Why, he's bit off his own little nose."

## FATHER'S HOAX.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consists of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father, which stated that he had "married a widow with six children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time.

The effect of the news was a great shock to the happy family. There was weeping and wailing and all manner of naughty things said. The house was neglected, and when the day of arrival came it was anything but inviting.

At last the Rev. Mr. X. came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the elder mustered courage and asked:

"Where is our mother?"

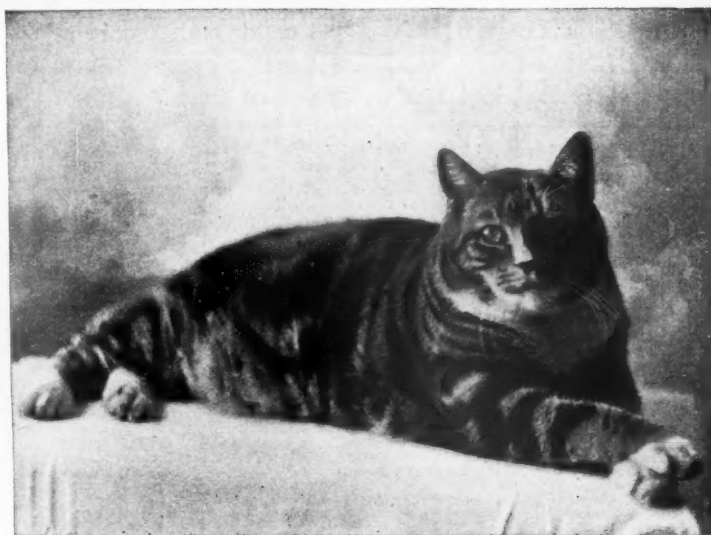
"In heaven," said the good man.

"But where is the widow with six children whom you married?"

"Why, I married her to another man, my dears," he replied.

\$99—\$1.

We find in Report of our Massachusetts State Board of Charities that the organized charitable societies of Massachusetts spend more than ninety-nine dollars for human beings for every single dollar spent for the protection of dumb animals.



From Harper's Bazar.

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DICK.

From National Cat Show, New York. Kindly loaned us by Harper's Bazar.

## SIR JOHN.

"Whose chair is that, Jennie?"

"Why, don't you know, Cousin Beth? It's Sir John's."

"Sir John!" said Beth, in surprise. "Who is he?"

Beth had just come on a visit to her cousin Jennie. The family were taking their seats at the dinner table. A high baby chair was placed by Uncle Enoch's side. This was the chair that puzzled Beth.

"There he comes, now!" exclaimed Jennie, with a laugh.

A large and handsome cat bounded into the room. He leaped upon the chair and sat down very gravely. This was Sir John. The children called him so because John, by itself, was too small a name for so great a cat.

Uncle Enoch tied a napkin about Sir John's neck. Sir John purred "Thank you," very sweetly. There was a little plate before him. A piece of fish was put into the plate and Sir John began to eat. He did not use a knife or fork, but he handled one paw much more neatly than some children use a spoon. When the fish was gone Sir John peeped into Uncle Enoch's plate. Some bits of fish were left there.

"Want more fish, Sir John?" Uncle Enoch asked.

"Per-cow," replied Sir John, meaning "If you please." It was easy to understand for Sir John spoke cat very plainly.

So he was helped to more fish. When he had eaten it his napkin was taken off and he went out to stroll in the garden. Beth was very much amused by Sir John.

## IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

### TWO TEAMSTERS.

Two teamsters came into collision in the street with their vehicles the other day.

First teamster — *My dear sir, I'm very sorry for this accident. Will you kindly excuse me?*

Second teamster — *Pray do not mention it, my dear sir, the fault was as much mine as yours.*

After getting their carts clear of each other they bowed politely, and with a pleasant "good day" proceeded about their business. — *Exchange.*

## WHAT A BAND OF MERCY BOY DID.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farmhouse; and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy, respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could get it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished when he refused it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking at the boy.

"No, I thank you," said the boy, "I don't want it. You see, sir, the distance from Painsville is eight miles and there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and I like to water the horses."

Mr. Harvey looked into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good, and a moisture gathered in his own, as he jogged off pondering deeply on the quaint little sermon that had been given so innocently and unexpectedly.

## THE ORCHARD ORIOLE.

A very pretty little story comes from Hartford, and it is true. A nest of the orchard oriole (improperly called the "English robin") was discovered by the owner of the lot, whose child wanted the young birds, and the child was duly gratified. The nest was taken home, to the delight of the child and the grief of the parent birds, and the fledglings were placed in a cage outside the house. To the surprise of the person who had put them there, he found, one day, that the mother-bird had discovered her lost children, and was feeding them through the wires of the cage. This proof of parental affection in a bird was continued, till at length the person who had removed the nest from its place and put it in the cage was moved to restore it to its place on the tree, with the young birds in it. The unbounded delight of the old birds proved a full compensation for the sense of his — or, rather his child's — loss, by the restoration of the young birds to their mother.

That's right. When the horse stumbles give him a good cut with the whip. Of course, he meant to do it. If he does it again, don't look at his feet, get out and club him. — *Rural New Yorker.*

# WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## New Bands of Mercy.

- |  |  |   |  |  |
|--|--|---|--|--|
| 22289 Columbus, Ohio.<br>Fulton St. School.<br>Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss Fischer. | 22289 Washington, D. C.<br>Adams School.<br>Longfellow Band.<br>P., Helen M. Lamb. | 22341 Buckeye Band.<br>P., Miss Thomas.   | 22394 Perseverance Band.<br>P., Miss Lena Kenny.   | 22437 Central Falls, R. I.<br>Broad St. School.<br>Longfellow Band.<br>P., Mrs. L. B. Gooding. |
| 22290 Little Defenders Band.<br>P., M. J. Davenport.                               | 22290 Little Defenders Band.<br>P., M. J. Davenport.                               | 22342 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Helen M. Lamb.   | 22395 I Will Try Band.<br>P., Miss Rosa Murray.  | 22438 Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss E. M. Young.  |
| 22291 Protective Band.<br>P., M. N. Lovejoy.                                       | 22291 Protective Band.<br>P., M. N. Lovejoy.                                       | 22343 Mayflower Band.<br>P., Miss Bradford.   | 22396 Greenwood, Mass.<br>Greenwood Band.<br>P., Laura Whitton.                                | 22439 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss Alice A. Wood.  |
| 22292 Clara Barton Band.<br>P., Miss Clara Baker Smith.                            | 22292 Clara Barton Band.<br>P., Miss Clara Baker Smith.                            | 22344 Hope Band.<br>P., Miss Eisenbise.   | 22397 Morristown, N. J.<br>Morristown Band.<br>P., Arthur Carroll.                             | 22440 Washington Band.<br>P., Miss H. S. Trafton.  |
| 22293 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., B. R. Teel.   | 22293 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., B. R. Teel.   | 22345 Pansy Band.<br>P., Miss Riggs.  | 22398 Glenboro, Manitoba, Canada.<br>Maple Leaf Band.<br>P., Amos Ward.                        | 22441 Martha Washington Band.<br>P., Miss H. S. Trafton.                                       |
| 22294 Brownie Band.<br>P., Miss M. Smith.  | 22294 Brownie Band.<br>P., Miss M. Smith.  | 22346 Little Helpers Band.<br>P., Miss Drake.   | 22399 Tallapoosa, Ga.<br>Golden River Sunshine Band.<br>P., John Koch.                         | 22442 Lincoln Band.<br>P., Miss M. D. Paine.   |
| 22295 Miller Band.<br>P., K. R. Macqueen.  | 22295 Miller Band.<br>P., K. R. Macqueen.  | 22347 Geo. Washington Band.<br>P., Miss Joyce.  | 22400 Washington, D. C.<br>Harrison School.<br>Whittier Band.<br>P., H. C. Lasser.             | 22443 Peabody Band.<br>P., Miss S. A. Cowperthwaite.   |
| 22296 Force School.<br>Armour Band.<br>P., Miss B. L. Pattison.                    | 22296 Force School.<br>Armour Band.<br>P., Miss B. L. Pattison.                    | 22348 Rosbud Band.<br>P., Miss Geren.   | 22401 Han. Anderson Band.<br>P., R. Stultz.  | 22444 Garfield Band.<br>P., Miss L. Lyon.  |
| 22297 Audubon Band.<br>P., M. E. Sheads.   | 22297 Audubon Band.<br>P., M. E. Sheads.   | 22349 Busy Bee Band.<br>P., Miss Garwood.   | 22402 Audubon Band.<br>P., Jennie Hodges.  | 22445 Do Right Band.<br>P., Miss M. E. McLaughlin.   |
| 22298 Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss M. M. Williams.                                   | 22298 Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss M. M. Williams.                                   | 22350 Star Band.<br>P., Miss Angell.  | 22403 Longfellow Band.<br>P., L. M. Bishop.  | 22446 Speak the Truth Band.<br>P., Miss M. E. McLaughlin.                                      |
| 22299 Oscar's Band.<br>P., Miss May Hooves.  | 22299 Oscar's Band.<br>P., Miss May Hooves.  | 22351 Forget-me-not Band.<br>P., Miss McGrew.   | 22404 Louis Agassiz Band.<br>P., J. W. Cooper.   | 22447 New Gloucester, Me.<br>Gen. U. S. Grant Band.<br>P., Miss E. F. Morse.                   |
| 22300 Young Protectors Band.<br>P., Miss J. S. Campbell.                           | 22300 Young Protectors Band.<br>P., Miss J. S. Campbell.                           | 22352 East Main School.<br>Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Elizabeth A. Wood.                          | 22405 Martin Band.<br>P., Josephine Burke.   | 22448 Bakerville, Va.<br>Bakerville Band.<br>P., Eddie C. Barnes.                              |
| 22301 Remembrance Band.<br>P., Miss L. M. McElfresh.                               | 22301 Remembrance Band.<br>P., Miss L. M. McElfresh.                               | 22353 Black Beauty Band.<br>P., Miss E. Smith.  | 22406 Adams School.<br>Whittier Band.<br>P., Miss C. P. Dulin.                                 | 22449 Eugene, Oregon.<br>Black Beauty Band.<br>P., Winifred Smith.                             |
| 22302 United Band.<br>P., L. T. Spachman.  | 22302 United Band.<br>P., L. T. Spachman.  | 22354 C. S. Hubbard Band.<br>P., Miss Gunning.  | 22407 New Iberia, La.<br>New Iberia Band.<br>P., J. W. Cooper.                                 | 22450 Providence, R. I.<br>Plain St. No. 1 Band.<br>P., Miss M. A. Remington.                  |
| 22303 Defenders Band.<br>P., E. J. Riley.  | 22303 Defenders Band.<br>P., E. J. Riley.  | 22355 Geo. Washington Band.<br>P., Miss Bruning.  | 22408 Holmesville, Neb.<br>L. T. L. Band.<br>P., Hattie B. Blythe.                             | 22451 Plain St. No. 4 Band.<br>P., Miss M. A. Remington.                                       |
| 22304 Charles Reade Band.<br>P., Mr. B. W. Murch.                                  | 22304 Charles Reade Band.<br>P., Mr. B. W. Murch.                                  | 22356 Buckeye Band.<br>P., Miss Haviland.   | 22409 Utica, N. Y.<br>Union Stars Band.<br>P., Rosa Sacher.                                    | 22452 Rainbow Band.<br>P., Miss C. R. Hoswell.   |
| 22305 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., G. C. Anderson.                                     | 22305 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., G. C. Anderson.                                     | 22357 Little Helpers Band.<br>P., Miss Alexander.   | 22410 Fryeburg, Me.<br>Pine Cone Band.<br>P., Stephen E. Ward.                                 | 22453 Creswell, Oregon.<br>Robin Band.<br>P., Miss Lillie Scott.                               |
| 22306 Watchful Band.<br>P., Frances S. Fairley.                                    | 22306 Watchful Band.<br>P., Frances S. Fairley.                                    | 22358 Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss Roling.  | 22411 Bear Lake, Pa.<br>L. T. L. Band.<br>P., Mrs. J. O. Lopus.                                | 22454 Excelsior Band.<br>P., Etta Shaub.   |
| 22307 Washington, D. C.<br>Wyukoop Band.<br>P., Mrs. Robert Armour.                | 22307 Washington, D. C.<br>Wyukoop Band.<br>P., Mrs. Robert Armour.                | 22359 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss K. Smith.  | 22412 Pittsford, Mich.<br>Dist. No. 12 Humane Band.<br>P., Clayton A. Powell.                  | 22455 Cottage Grove, Oregon.<br>Excelsior Band.<br>P., Lester L. Lewis.                        |
| 22308 Columbus, Ohio.<br>Douglas School.<br>Milne Band.<br>P., Eleanor H. Wilmet.  | 22308 Columbus, Ohio.<br>Douglas School.<br>Milne Band.<br>P., Eleanor H. Wilmet.  | 22360 Twenty Third St. School.<br>Hayes Band.<br>P., Wm. H. McFarland.                          | 22413 Homestead, Iowa.<br>Black Beauty Band.<br>P., J. A. Whalen.                              | 22456 Drain, Oregon.<br>Rosbud Band.<br>P., Miss Belva Drain.                                  |
| 22309 Holmes Band.<br>P., Miss Stephens.   | 22309 Holmes Band.<br>P., Miss Stephens.   | 22361 Summer Band.<br>P., Miss Hammond.   | 22414 Gananoque, Ont.<br>Ontario Band.<br>P., Robert Cotton.                                   | 22457 Eugene, Oregon.<br>Beautiful Joe Band.<br>P., Miss Mary Haines.                          |
| 22310 Douglas Band.<br>P., Miss Kamacher.  | 22310 Douglas Band.<br>P., Miss Kamacher.  | 22362 Douglas Band.<br>P., Miss Dunlap.   | 22415 Los Angeles, Cal.<br>Boyle Heights Band.<br>P., Dr. L. D. Swartwout.                     | 22458 Central Falls, R. I.<br>Central Falls Band.<br>P., Ethel G. Reid.                        |
| 22311 Black Beauty Band.<br>P., Miss McClelland.                                   | 22311 Black Beauty Band.<br>P., Miss McClelland.                                   | 22363 Geo. Washington Band.<br>P., Miss Judd.   | 22416 Berean Mission Band.<br>P., Miss Pearl Chase.  | 22459 Junction City, Oregon.<br>Lancaster Band.<br>P., Miss Mabel Hanna.                       |
| 22312 U. S. Grant Band.<br>P., Miss Tippet.  | 22312 U. S. Grant Band.<br>P., Miss Tippet.  | 22364 H. B. Stowe Band.<br>P., Miss Jamison.  | 22417 Wheatland, Oregon.<br>Hopewell Band.<br>P., Mr. Willard Wood.                            | 22460 Narcissus Band.<br>P., Maggie Houston.   |
| 22313 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Miss Dunlap.  | 22313 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Miss Dunlap.  | 22365 George T. Angell Band.<br>P., Miss Rickel.  | 22418 Salem, Oregon.<br>Endeavor Band.<br>P., Mr. Ralph Bowerman.                              | 22461 Wilburn, Oregon.<br>Willing Hands Band.<br>P., Miss Ruth Mote.                           |
| 22314 Buckeye Band.<br>P., Miss Slemmons.  | 22314 Buckeye Band.<br>P., Miss Slemmons.  | 22366 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Miss Ewart.  | 22419 Turner, Oregon.<br>Gen. Washington Band.<br>P., Miss Alice Jones.                        | 22462 Oakland, Oregon.<br>Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Clyde McGhee.                               |
| 22315 Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss Twigg.  | 22315 Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss Twigg.  | 22367 Lincoln Band.<br>P., Miss Thompson.   | 22420 Marion, Oregon.<br>Black Beauty Band.<br>P., Fred Tomlinson.                             | 22463 Los Angeles, Cal.<br>Boyle Heights M. E. Band.<br>P., Miss Grace Brayton.                |
| 22316 Wilmet Band.<br>P., Miss Harrington.   | 22316 Wilmet Band.<br>P., Miss Harrington.   | 22368 Wide-Awake Band.<br>P., Miss Webster.   | 22421 Harrisburg, Oregon.<br>Alice Cary Band.<br>P., Miss Dena Upmeyer.                        | 22464 Providence, R. I.<br>Cheverly Workers Band.<br>P., Miss E. L. Towne.                     |
| 22317 Wide-Awake Band.<br>P., Miss Fowler.   | 22317 Wide-Awake Band.<br>P., Miss Fowler.   | 22369 Sunbeam Band.<br>P., Miss Minnie Ray.   | 22422 St. Francis, Minn.<br>Oak Grove Band.<br>P., Ella Beardsley.                             | 22465 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss C. Schmitt.   |
| 22318 Lily Band.<br>P., Miss Lucas.  | 22318 Lily Band.<br>P., Miss Lucas.  | 22370 Busy Bee Band.<br>P., Miss Ray.   | 22423 Providence, R. I.<br>St. Teresa's School.<br>Father O'Reilly Band.<br>P., Brother Felix. | 22466 Whittier Band.<br>P., Miss C. E. Danforth.   |
| 22319 Golden Rod Band.<br>P., Miss Bruning.  | 22319 Golden Rod Band.<br>P., Miss Bruning.  | 22371 Little Helpers Band.<br>P., Miss Scott.   | 22424 Father McDonough Band.<br>P., Brother Edmund.  | 22467 Longfellow Band.<br>P., Miss H. E. Northrup.   |
| 22320 Sunbeam Band.<br>P., Miss Footie.  | 22320 Sunbeam Band.<br>P., Miss Footie.  | 22372 Sunshine Band.<br>P., Miss Ashley.  | 22425 Washington, D. C.<br>Banneker School.<br>Sunshine Band.<br>P., M. E. Clarke.             | 22468 Washington Band.<br>P., Miss E. J. A. Farrell.   |
| 22321 Violet Band.<br>P., Miss Meeker.   | 22321 Violet Band.<br>P., Miss Meeker.   | 22373 Rosbud Band.<br>P., Miss Roberts.   | 22426 Briggs Band.<br>P., A. C. Waller.  | 22469 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss M. J. Marshall.   |
| 22322 Pansy Band.<br>P., Miss Spencer.   | 22322 Pansy Band.<br>P., Miss Spencer.   | 22374 Knight Band.<br>P., Miss Davis.   | 22427 Crumwell Band.<br>P., J. A. Waller.  | 22470 Lincoln Band.<br>P., Miss Ella S. Dawley.  |
| 22323 Forget-me-not Band.<br>P., Miss Hall.  | 22323 Forget-me-not Band.<br>P., Miss Hall.  | 22375 Spring St. School.<br>Wilnot Band.<br>P., Harriet Thompson.                               | 22428 Sympathetic Band.<br>P., Miss E. D. Barrier.   | 22471 Star Band.<br>P., Miss R. A. Jacobs.   |
| 22324 Fair Ave. School.<br>George Washington Band.<br>P., Harriet E. Bancroft.     | 22324 Fair Ave. School.<br>George Washington Band.<br>P., Harriet E. Bancroft.     | 22376 Sunbeam Band.<br>P., Miss Smith.  | 22429 Kindness Band.<br>P., Dora E. Smith.   | 22472 Lutherville, Md.<br>Md. College Band.<br>P., Miss Ada Zimmerman.                         |
| 22325 Honor Band.<br>P., Miss Alexander.   | 22325 Honor Band.<br>P., Miss Alexander.   | 22377 Willing Workers Band.<br>P., Miss Scott.  | 22430 Merritt Band.<br>P., E. I. Hawkins.  | 22473 Buffalo, N. Y.<br>School 11 Band.<br>P., Minnie A. Pitman.                               |
| 22326 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Miss Brooke.  | 22326 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Miss Brooke.  | 22378 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss Walters.   | 22431 Kindly Feeling Band.<br>P., M. Lewis.  | 22474 Royersford, Pa.<br>Royersford Band.<br>P., Samuel T. Kinsell.                            |
| 22327 C. S. Hubbard Band.<br>P., Miss McElvain.                                    | 22327 C. S. Hubbard Band.<br>P., Miss McElvain.                                    | 22379 Bury Bee Band.<br>P., Miss Hall.  | 22432 Banneker Band.<br>P., Miss M. Taylor.  | 22475 Columbus, Ohio.<br>Sullivan School.<br>Columbia Band.<br>P., Sue McLaughlin.             |
| 22328 Golden Rod Band.<br>P., Miss Earnest.  | 22328 Golden Rod Band.<br>P., Miss Earnest.  | 22380 Remember Band.<br>P., Miss Gunning.   | 22433 What-so-ever Band.<br>P., M. L. Tancil.  | 22476 Wm. Penn Band.<br>P., Miss Wood.   |
| 22329 Violet Band.<br>P., Miss Mayhugh.  | 22329 Violet Band.<br>P., Miss Mayhugh.  | 22381 Helping Hand Band.<br>P., Miss Jones.   | 22434 Banneker Protection Band.<br>P., E. F. G. Merritt.                                       | 22477 J. G. Whittier Band.<br>P., Miss Dennis.   |
| 22330 Bluebird Band.<br>P., Miss Himmman.  | 22330 Bluebird Band.<br>P., Miss Himmman.  | 22382 Little Helpers Band.<br>P., Miss Horton.  | 22435 Franklin Band.<br>P., H. V. Bruce.   | 22478 Pansy Band.<br>P., Miss Burr.  |
| 22331 Garfield School.<br>Helping Hand Band.<br>P., Augusta Becker.                | 22331 Garfield School.<br>Helping Hand Band.<br>P., Augusta Becker.                | 22383 Providence, R. I.<br>Convent of Notre Dame.<br>St. Teresa Band.<br>P., Miss Nellie Walsh. | 22436 Excelsior Band.<br>P., Miss M. L. Liggins.   | 22479 Buckeye Band.<br>P., Miss Peters.  |
| 22332 Black Beauty Friends Band.<br>P., Miss McGrew.                               | 22332 Black Beauty Friends Band.<br>P., Miss McGrew.                               | 22384 St. Joseph Band.<br>P., Miss May Consty.  | 22480 Longfellow Band.<br>P., Miss Flowers.  | 22481 Columbus Band.<br>P., Miss Muller.   |
| 22333 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss Ware.   | 22333 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss Ware.   | 22385 St. Agnes Band.<br>P., Miss Louise Lowly.   | 22482 Geo. Washington Band.<br>P., Miss Hare.  |  |
| 22334 Junior Workers Band.<br>P., Miss Scott.                                      | 22334 Junior Workers Band.<br>P., Miss Scott.                                      | 22386 St. Cecilia Band.<br>P., Miss Mary Spencer.   |  |  |
| 22335 Effort Band.<br>P., Miss Wood.   | 22335 Effort Band.<br>P., Miss Wood.   | 22387 Bright Star Band.<br>P., Miss Mary Dolan.   |  |  |
| 22336 Garfield Band.<br>P., Miss Sessions.   | 22336 Garfield Band.<br>P., Miss Sessions.   | 22388 Sunbeam Band.<br>P., Miss Cecilia Carrigan.   |  |  |
| 22337 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss Frazer.   | 22337 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss Frazer.   | 22389 Violet Band.<br>P., Miss Sadie Gorman.  |  |  |
| 22338 Columbia Band.<br>P., Miss Liscor.   | 22338 Columbia Band.<br>P., Miss Liscor.   | 22390 Washington Band.<br>P., Mr. Thomas Giblin.  |  |  |
| 22339 Black Sunshine Band.<br>P., S. J. Healey.                                    | 22339 Black Sunshine Band.<br>P., S. J. Healey.                                    | 22391 Patriots Band.<br>P., Mr. John Doherty.   |  |  |
|  |  | 22392 Peaceful Band.<br>P., Mr. Joseph Garvey.  |  |  |
|  |  | 22393 Columbus Band.<br>P., Mr. Wm. McDonald.   |  |  |

## THE PRESIDENT'S NEW BABY.

There came to port, last Sunday night,  
The queerest little craft,  
Without an inch of rigging on;  
I looked, and looked, and laughed.  
It seemed so curious that she  
Should cross the unknown water,  
And moor herself right in my room—  
My daughter, O my daughter!  
She has no manifest but this,  
No flag floats o'er the water,  
She's too new for the British Lloyds—  
My daughter, O my daughter!  
Ring out, wild bells, and tamed ones  
too!  
Ring out the lover's moon!  
Ring in the little worsted socks!  
Ring in the bib and spoon!  
Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!  
Ring in the milk and water!  
Away with paper, pen and ink—  
My daughter, O my daughter!  
GEORGE W. CABLE.

\*\*\*  
"Ring the bells of mercy,  
Ring them loud and clear,  
Let their music linger  
Softly on the ear;  
Filling souls with pity  
For the dumb and weak;  
Telling all the voiceless  
We for them will speak."

## SPARE THE BIRDS!

*The Slaughter of the Innocents.*

BY MISS ELIZABETH FREELAND.

O God! that thou wouldest touch my tongue  
With fervor so divine  
That ev'ry heart might feel my words  
As they were words of Thine.  
O Thou that know'st all human hearts,  
Know'st all they have or need,  
I pray Thee make them tender,  
And give me power to plead!  
Thou know'st the little birds, O Lord,  
The birds that Thou hast made;  
Thou see'st them singing in the sun,  
And brooding in the shade.  
The bonny, bonny little birds!  
It is their hour of need;  
They have no power to beg for life;  
It is for them I plead.  
The human cry to God is still  
For mercy, mercy solely;  
The birds sing only, "God be praised,"  
And "Holy, holy, holy."  
They have no power to cry to us  
When pride or fashion slays them  
For woman, who pretends to love,  
And, Judas-like, betrays them—  
For woman, who will praise the song,  
Then bid them slay the singer,  
That the wee head or tortured breast  
Some added charm may bring her.  
Could ye but see the bright wings torn  
From birds alive and bleeding,  
And note their quivering agony,  
I had no need for pleading.  
The wingless form flung in the dirt,  
Its deathly pain and terror,  
Would wake in every woman's heart  
A bitter sense of error.  
Ten thousand thousand little birds,  
In cruel hands a-dying,  
Have heard, with breaking mother hearts,  
Their hungry nestlings crying.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The bonny, bonny little birds!  
It is their hour of need;  
They have no power to beg for life;  
It is for them I plead.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings,  
and not one of them is forgotten before God?"—Luke  
xii: 6.



Engraved by the Suffolk Engraving Company.

By courtesy of Engraver & Printer Co., 5 Park St., Boston.

## OFF MARBLEHEAD NECK, MASS.

## ALMOST HUMAN.

We take the following from the "*Massachusetts Ploughman*":

Farmer William H. Ellis, of Bloomingburg, N. Y., owns a little white mare called Whitefoot. Every school-day morning Whitefoot hauls Mr. Ellis's two little girls in a wagon to the school house, a mile from home, and after leaving the children there the little mare turns round and trots back to her master's house without any driver. When the school-closing hour approaches, Mr. Ellis hitches Whitefoot up and starts her off alone for the school-house and in due time she comes back with the little girls. She is so careful and expert in passing vehicles on the road that she never has a collision or damages her harness.

On Sunday night last Mr. Ellis's hired man drove Whitefoot over to Middleton on his way to New York. Before embarking on the cars here he tacked a piece of paper on the wagon seat containing this notice: "*Don't stop this mare. She belongs to William H. Ellis, Bloomingburg, and will go home all right,*" and then, turning the mare's head homeward, he let her go. Sure enough, she covered the distance, a long nine miles, in safety, and at a pace that brought her home in about an hour.

## THE USHER'S TROUBLES.

A DOG VISITS THE CHURCH.

"You might think," said a church usher to a *New York Sun* man, "that there was nothing to do in a church but seat people; but, dear me, strange things are happening all the time. One summer day, when the church doors were open, I saw a dog appear. I stood at the back of the pews just beyond the end of the middle aisle, and the dog stood right at the end of the aisle, looking at me and wagging his tail. He was a nice looking dog, gentle looking, but of course church was no place for him. But he was nearer the aisle than I was and he was bound to make the tour of the church, and I was sure he would start down the middle aisle the moment I made any serious effort to put him out. Still I advanced toward him with a friendly bearing and outstretched hand, hoping he would stand still until I could get between him and the aisle. He wagged his tail good-humoredly when he saw me approach, but before I could get near enough to cut him off he started

down the aisle, so softly that nobody heard him, and nobody saw him until he had passed.

"In one of the pews, about half way down the aisle, sat a little girl with one hand resting on the arm of the pew. The dog halted here, and with his nose gently pushed the little girl's hand off the pew. She snatched it away and looked around wonderingly, and saw for the first time the dog standing there wagging his tail and looking at her. She laughed outright; and then the dog wagged his tail more and started on again. By this time everybody in the church knew about the dog, and everybody was interested in him.

"He kept on down the middle aisle, past the pulpit, and around the end of one of the blocks of pews toward a side aisle, and started along the side aisle toward the rear of the church again. Then the sexton started up the side aisle from the rear of the church, intending to drive the dog out, but when the dog saw him coming he wagged his tail and turned and started back the way he had come, and around into the middle aisle again. He stopped there once and turned toward the pulpit and looked up at the minister, wagging his tail all the time; he seemed to be the best natured dog that ever lived.

"Then he turned once more and started back. He came down to where he had started and then trotted along the base of the pews and out of the church by a door opposite to the one by which he had entered."—*Boston Journal*.

## THE DAKOTA JACK RABBIT.

The jack rabbit is a prairie institution that gives the settlers' dogs plenty of exercise. When the settler sees a jack rabbit for the first time—starts him up suddenly on the prairie, he imagines that by a quick movement he can lay his hands on him.

The rabbit is awkward, appears to be lame in every joint, holds up one foot as though it pained him, and altogether creates the belief that he is a dilapidated wreck of an ungainly, animate thing. The settler is surprised that he cannot "grab" him. The settler's dog, also, is confident that he can quickly make an end of the rabbit. He bristles, runs leisurely toward the rabbit, doubles his speed, doubles it again, triples that, quadruples the whole, when, lo! the rabbit disappears. There is some flying grass, a vanishing streak of light, a twinkling of two prodded feet extended rearward, and he is gone. The dog sits on his haunches and concludes that it was a dream, and that he did not see a rabbit at all.—*Exchange*.

## NOT THAT KIND OF A COW.

"What a lovely cow, Uncle James," said a Boston girl, the morning after her arrival, "and how comically she shakes her head." "Yes; but don't get too near that cow," cautioned the uncle, "he's an ugly critter."

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for June.  
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